

Mabel Herbert Umer's Great Series

Married Life's Troubles

Louise Shows Plainly That She Will Not Be Dominated by Warren's Brother.

BY MABEL HERBERT UMER

"DEAR, do you think we ought to have wine?" asked Helen anxiously.

"Why not?"

"Well, Louise may not drink it—she may not approve of it."

"Then she can leave it alone. Nobody's going to make her drink it," snapped Warren. "No reason why the rest of us shouldn't have it."

Helen went back to the dining room and put on the wine glasses.

"Yes, you can open a bottle of that sauterne, Nora. It's already on the ice."

Helen had made no attempt at having a pretentious dinner, for she felt Louise would feel more at ease and more like one of the family if they would receive her less formally.

Although she had not met Louise since that first call a few days after the announcement of Bob's engagement, she looked forward with real pleasure to seeing her again.

"Wait, Nora, the bell rang. 'I'll receive them myself.' Put down that window—I think all that cooking odors out now—and keep the pantry door closed."

Helen felt it would be a delicate compliment to Louise to go to the door herself. She was quite sure whether she should kiss her and whether she should call her "Louise" or "Miss Whitmore."

But Louise settled both these points by stooping over and kissing Helen with an impulsive, laughing, "I suppose it's proper to kiss one's prospective sister-in-law, isn't it?"

"Sure," assented Bob. Warren came out now, and after a cordial greeting Bob followed him into the library, while Helen carried Louise off to her dressing room.

Louise had seemed lovely that first afternoon, but now, as she threw off her coat, she was radiantly beautiful in a clinging evening gown of mauve chiffon.

Praise From Louise. "Oh, this is a lovely mirror! And what a wonderful highboy—I've never seen one like that! Bob said you had some fine old furniture, too?"

"Do you love old furniture, too?" asked Helen delightedly, remembering the expensive but garish furniture of Louise's home.

"I'm wild about it! Father had a decorator to do our apartment while I was at Bryn Mawr, and I loathe it. I was telling Bob yesterday that we wouldn't have a single new piece in our home."

For the next half hour Helen was in her element. There was nothing she so revels in as "showing off" her old furniture.

"When you two get through looking at the junk, we'll like something to eat," called Warren.

"All right, dear. I guess we can go in now."

But when they entered the dining room Louise had to stop and admire the old English sideboard, and corner cupboard, and Helen's few really good pieces of old china.

"Knew you and Helen would have a lot in common," said Bob complacently.

"Oh, what a beautiful cat!" exclaimed Louise, as Pussy Purr-Mew appeared in the doorway with large, inquiring eyes.

"Yes, that's a very important member of our family," smiled Helen.

"Oh, Bob, that's what we'll want. Since we're going to have open fires, places, think of the wonderful cat like that would look on the hearth."

"Well, I'm not any too keen on cats," Bob's tone was decisive.

"Why, Bob, if I really wanted one, surely you wouldn't object."

"Cats are deceitful little beasts—treacherous, too. If you want a pet we'll have a dog. I know a man in Canada who breeds terriers—wanted to send me one last year."

"Why, yes, dear, if you want a dog I should love for you to have one. A Persian kitten can be trained to get along beautifully with any dog."

"Well, we're not going to have a menagerie, you know."

Ignoring this remark, Louise turned to Helen. "Where did you say you got Pussy Purr-Mew? When we go to housekeeping could you help me get one like her?"

"Oh, I'd love to," murmured Helen, "generous" glancing at him mischievously. Instead of waiting until they were married he'll give me a kitten for Christmas."

Bob Is Annoyed. Bob's glowering frown was so formidable and so like Warren's that Helen from sheer force of habit hesitated to change the subject.

"What are you going to do Christmas?" she asked, nervously.

"Bob's going to have dinner with us. Father always has a tree for me—it wouldn't seem quite like Christmas without one."

"Well, about all Christmas means to most of us," declared Warren, "is shelling out money for presents we don't want to give."

"Perhaps that's why I cling to the tree—it helps me to keep some of my childish illusions."

"No illusions about Christmas any more," scoffed Bob. "It's become just a commercial proposition for the stores to work off a lot of rubbish they can't sell any other time, and for the janitors and elevator boys to rake in their yearly graft."

"Oh, Bob, how cynical! You haven't the proper Christmas spirit at all! Next year we'll have a tree, you'll dress up as Santa Claus, and—"

"Not if I'm in my right mind."

"And we might have some tableaux," went on Louise, gaily. "Little Red Riding Hood, for instance. Bob, you'd make a lovely wolf."

"No doubt. One of the sore-headed variety, I suppose."

"Oh, you DEAR!" As Pussy Purr-Mew bounded softly in Louise's lap, snuggling down under her napkin.

"She'll soil your dress," disapproved Bob. "Put her down!"

But Louise made no effort to put her down. For a moment Helen thought Bob was going to press the subject, but he abruptly changed the subject, and Pussy Purr-Mew remained undisturbed.

On Women's Question. When they went to the library for coffee the talk drifted gradually to the women's question. While Louise denied that she was a suffragist, her sympathies were not far from the movement. She had decided opinions on woman's economic problems, and she expressed them clearly and well.

"I intended taking a post-graduate course in economics and sociology this year, but now," with a sparkling glance at Bob, "I suppose I ought to go to cooking school instead."

"Well, to know how to make biscuits in a whole lot more important than to write essays on the 'Political Sphere of Women.'"

But Bob, who had domestic science all last year, and I took a special course in dietetics."

"Fine," grinned Warren. "But how about the biscuits? And can you fry eggs and make coffee?"

"You'll have to come over and have breakfast with us some Sunday morning," triumphantly.

Louise's power, her self-possession, her calm refusal to be dominated by Bob, was to Helen a revelation. There was in her attitude none of the romantic adoration which Helen knew she had given Warren all through their engagement.

In Bob Helen saw a counterpart of Warren's selfish, forceful and dominating nature. That he seemed much to love with Louise was plain, but it was equally plain that he wanted to mold her into his own ideas of the submissive, subservient wife.

All evening Helen kept wondering

Dorothy Dix Tells of

ONE CAUSE OF DIVORCE

YOU can't have your cake and eat it too in matrimony any more than you can anywhere else.

Which is to say that when a man marries a woman because she possesses some quality that fires his fancy he can't expect her to make a star exhibition of just the diametrically opposite qualities. Or if he does expect it he gets disappointed, and there's trouble.

For example: "The other day I was talking to a clever young fellow some 30 years old, and I asked him why he didn't get married. 'Because,' he replied, 'the girl that I fancy is a business woman who makes as much money as I do, and I don't want to marry that kind of a woman, because she would be independent of me.'"

"Why, Warren, you didn't think her assertive, did you?"

"I certainly did," with emphasis. "Don't envy Bob his job, either. He'll find that young lady has decided ideas of her own."

"Well, why shouldn't she have? Women have the last word and practical ideas." And didn't she express them well?"

"Dumpph, that's what those colleges do for girls nowadays. Send them out with a lot of high-falootin notions instead of teaching them how to make bread and darn socks."

Helen had taken up a magazine, and in her effort to repress an indignant retort was turning through it nervously.

"Here, you're not beginning to read this latest issue yet ready for bed. I didn't sleep much last night with that blamed indignation, and I don't intend to be kept awake again tonight."

BIBLE SAVES MINISTER FROM ASSASSIN'S BULLET. Blairville, Pa., Dec. 22.—What is believed to have been an attempt to assassinate Rev. Dr. R. E. McClure, pastor of the Blairville United Presbyterian church, and president of the Indiana county Anti-Saloon league, failed when a bullet fired at the minister penetrated a bible which he carried under his arm, and made a slight abrasion upon his left side. The authorities are searching for two men, one of whom fired two shots at the clergyman and who dropped his hat in escaping.

STREET CAR KILLS MISS VAUGHN, NOTED WRITER. New York, Dec. 22.—Miss Virginia Vaughn, writer of lyrics and poems, translator and friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Brownings and other authors of the last half century, was killed by a street car in Eighth avenue.

Miss Vaughn was the daughter of John Chapman Vaughn, an abolitionist who published anti-slavery newspapers at Cincinnati and Cleveland. She was 51 years old.

Manicure Lady Is Saddened. Reads a Poem by Poe and Talks of the Dead Leaves in the Fall and Sombre Days.

By Wm. F. Kirk

"I WAS reading a poem last night that was written by a gentleman named Mister Poe," said the Manicure Lady. "The name of it was the name of some bird, something like a crow, and gee! George, that poem made the chills run up and down my spine for fair. I think it must be grand to be able to write poems and frighten people."

"I don't see any class to frightening people," declared the Head Barber. "Why didn't he write something to make them laugh?"

"Any clown could do that," said the Manicure Lady. "But this piece was too hard for a clown to write. Part of it went, 'Ah, distinctly a reminder, it was in the bleak November.' I could see the dead leaves flying when I read them lines. And that makes me think, George, of something that puzzles me a lot of times. Why is it that a person gets bluer in the fall than in the spring? Try to be bright and merry like a little songbird, but all of a sudden I think about how short a time we are here, or somebody that died in a

"Well," I commented, "I don't see why that should keep you out of the holy estate. There are plenty of meek, spineless little girls hanging on the parent's back, just waiting for some man to come along and marry them, and who would put up with any kind of conduct in a husband to get somebody to pay their bills. Why don't you marry one of them?"

"They bore him," he replied, making a wry face. "They bore me stiff, and they disgust me by being parasites, and the way they try to work me over for what they want, instead of hustling out and earning it for themselves. After all, a man doesn't like to think that what he stands for to his wife is merely a cash register."

"What you want is the impossible," I said. "An independent woman who is meek."

"Man has always wanted the impossible of woman," he returned. "A woman who was snowed and ice to all the world, but fire to him. And now he's added to it another quality. He wants her to be armor plate before marriage and a feather bed afterward."

"But mark my word," he went on, "the independence of woman, and especially the financial independence of women is the reason there are so many divorces nowadays, and there are going to be more and more divorces until men realize that they have

got to treat their wives better, and be fairer to them, in order to keep their wife on her job, and satisfied with it."

Why He Holds Back the Money. "I've been frank and told what few men even acknowledge to themselves, and that is that a man's real ideal of a perfect wife is an intelligent slave. He wants her to feel that she is absolutely dependent on him. This is why the ordinary man won't give his wife an allowance. He isn't stingy. He wants her to have the money, but it kills his vanity to have her come and humbly importune him for every cent."

"Is the woman who has been in the habit of having a fat pay envelope handed out to her every week, and no questions asked, for doing about half the work she has done in the home, going to stand for panhandling her husband for every cent? I trow not, and husband has got to come across, or else wife will go back to her typewriter or counter."

"Also a man has felt that he had a right to be about ten times as agreeable to his wife as he would dare to be to anybody else, and wife has stood it because she had nowhere else to go, except back home where she wasn't wanted. But that halcyon day is also gone, for wife is demanding that she shall be treated in her own home, by her own husband, with as much respect and courtesy as she has been accustomed to receiving in the business office where she worked."

"That's why I don't marry. The independent, clear-eyed, bright and snappy business girl has spoiled me for any other sort of girl, and I'm not good enough for her. I've got so much of our Adam Eve-dweller in me that she'd divorce me, sure."

"I get that way, too," said the Head Barber. "All my creditors come around then and tell about that it is going to be a long, hard winter, and would I please kick in with at least part of the amount."

"It ain't no money trouble that makes me blue in the fall," said the Manicure Lady. "It must be because that is the time of year when everything is getting through. Nothing is left to look at but a tree without no leaves on it, but that is what your lamps rests on the post and you go for a drive in the park. Wilfred feels the same way I do about it. He says that every dead leaf is the ghost of some dead lover. Of course I don't take no

railroad wreck, or the Giants in the past world's series, and all my happy news is shot to pieces. That's the way I am most every fall since I can remember."

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stock in that part of it, but he is all the time moaning about love and we all let him have his way up to the house, because it is wrong to cross a poet."

DARROW INDICTMENT ORDERED DISMISSED. Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 22.—Court records of Los Angeles county were cleared of the last vestige of the famous McNamara dynamiting case when the indictment charging bribery against Clarence Darrow, who was counsel for the dynamiters, were dismissed. District attorney Fredericks

told Judge Jackson of the superior court that Darrow had been tried twice, once when the jury acquitted him, and again when the jury disagreed, and that the evidence, in the light of previous experience, was not sufficient to convict.

Darrow has been under bonds aggregating \$10,000 for two years. His bondsmen were dismissed today.

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